



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BENEFIT;—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1804.

NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF MARIA ARNOLD.

IT is three years since I resided at the village of Ruyd—le, picturesquely situated on the banks of the rapid S—le. Here, under an humble roof, and hard by the village church dwelt the worthy, but unfortunate Frederick Arnold, the curate of a simple flock, and Maria, his only daughter. Frederick, when I first knew him, was near sixty, a man of considerable judgment and great sensibility; his religion was rational and his charity was extensive: for, although the curacy was but small, yet, by temperance and economy, he contrived to bestow more than those of thrice his property. His manners were mild and engaging, his features expressive, when he spoke to the distressed, his eyes beamed a sweetness I shall never forget; it was like the rays of the evening sun when he shines through the watery mist. By this mode of conduct he became the father of the village; not a soul but would willingly have sacrificed his happiness to oblige my friend. Methinks I see him now walking across the green that spreads from the parsonage to the water side. Here, if the morning proved a fine one, would the young men and maidens of the village assemble to salute their pastor, and happy were they, who received a nod, a smile, or praise of gratulation. Here, also, would his daughter often come attendant on her father, whom, if in my veneration of his character, I could accuse of any fault, it was in a too doating fondness for this lovely girl. Maria Arnold was then eighteen, and though not handsome, yet was there a softness and expression in her countenance far superior to any regularity of feature; her eyes dark, full, and liquid; her lips red and prominent; her hair of a deep brown; her complexion pale, but when rather heated, a delicate suffusion overspread her cheek; and her person, although somewhat large, was elegant and wellformed. To those external graces were superadded the much more valuable ones of suavity of disposition and tenderness of heart. Maria wept not only at the tale of fiction, but at the sufferings of

injured beauty or graceful heroism, her pity and her bounty were extended to the loathsome scenes of squalid poverty and pale disease. Behold yon little cot, the woodbine winding over its mossy thatch! how often in that little cot have I seen her soothe the torture of convulsive agony. See! one hand supports the old man's hoary head: his languid eyes are fixed on her's, and feeble as the gushing tear pours down his weathered cheek, he blesses the compassionate Maria. Thou gentle being! ever in the hour of pensive solitude, when fled from cares that vex my spirit, ever did I call to mind thy modest virtues! Even now, whilst musing on the scenes of Ruyd—le: even now my fancy draws the very room, where, when the evening closed the labors of the weary villager, the conversation or the music of Maria added rapture to the social hour. It was plain, but elegant, and ornamented with some sketches of Maria's in *equa tinta*. At one end stands her harpsichord, and near it stands a mahogany case of well chosen books: one window looks upon the green: and the other, the upper panes of which were overspread by the intermingling fibres of a jessamine tree, had a view of a large garden where the fortunate combination of use and picturesque beauty took place under the direction of my friend. Here, the window shutters closed, and the candles brought in, would Arnold, in his arm chair, and the tear of fondness starting in his eye, listen to the melting sweetness of Maria's voice, or conversing on subjects of taste and morality, instruct, while he highly entertained his willing auditors.

It was in one of those solitary moments of reflection, sir, when the mind feeds on past pleasure with a melancholy joy, that I determined to take the first opportunity of once more seeing my beloved Arnold and his daughter: and it is three years since, having prepared every thing for the purpose, I left my house early in the morning: my heart throbbed with impatience, and full of anticipation, I promised myself much, and lasting happiness. Occupied by these flattering ideas, I arrived in the afternoon of the third day, within a mile of Ruyd—le. It had been for some time gloomy, and during

the last hour there fell much and heavy rain, which increasing rapidly, and the thunder being heard on the hills, I rode up to a farmhouse within a few paces of the road. Here I met with a cordial welcome from the master of the humble mansion whom I had known at Ruyd—le, and for whom I had a sincere regard: he shook me heartily by the hand, and sat me down to his best fare: and having dried my clothes, and taken some refreshment, I told him; that I had come to see the good curate and his daughter. Scarce had I finished the sentence, when the poor man burst into tears. "Thomas!" I exclaimed, "you alarm me. What is the matter?" "Ah, your honor, I must needs give way to it, else my heart would break! we've had sad work; I am sure your honor would never have gotten over it! Master Arnold, your honor."—"What of Arnold, is he ill?" "No, your honor."—"What then?" "But Miss Maria."—"What of her?" "Miss Maria, your honor, is to be buried to-morrow morning; there is not a dry eye in the village, your honor: she was so kind and charitable to the poor, and spoke so sweetly, that we all loved her as if she had been our own child. Ah, your honor, many a time and oft have I seen her weep when poor folks were distressed and ill.—" "Thomas," would she say, for she would often come down, your honor, when my wife lay badly. "Thomas, how does Mary do? Don't be out of spirits, for what with my nursing and your's, Thomas, she will soon be better." And then she would sit down by the bed side, and speak so sweetly, your honor, that I cannot help crying when I think on it. God knows she has been cruelly dealt by, and if your honor will give me leave, I will tell you all about it." I bowed my head, and the farmer went on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OBSERVATIONS.

PAST enjoyments do not alleviate present evils; whereas the evils a man has endured heighten the present satisfaction.

NO man has a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

IT is better to suffer without a cause than that there should be a cause for our suffering.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

WHILE the trump of fame is proclaiming over the earth the name and the merits of Christopher Columbus, justice demands that the memory of Isabella should be honored with a share in the laurels which he won. Whatever of wealth, science, and of civil and religious liberty, has accrued to mankind from the discovery of America; whatever privileges the inhabitants of the United States enjoy above the rest of the world; the credit and the honor are due, in no inconsiderable measure, to the astonishing generosity and magnanimity of a woman.

After Columbus had disclosed the project which his vast mind had conceived, every obstacle that ignorance, envy and knavery could suggest, was placed in the way of its execution. The Senate of his native country, Genoa, to which he first applied, unable to comprehend his scheme, rejected it as chimerical. The king of Portugal, to whom he next addressed himself, practised upon him the most shameful fraud. Henry VII. king of England, to whose court he sent his brother in quest of patronage, was rich and possessed talents; but the sordid parsimony of his heart tied up his hands from any enterprises, which would be attended with pecuniary expence.

The court of Spain was his final resort. Habitual covetousness, a cold reserve, and an excessive jealousy of temper, marked the character of Ferdinand the Spanish monarch. His ears were always open to the base insinuations of the enemies of Columbus; who after eight years fruitless attendance and solicitation at that court; after suffering, during this long time, manifold disappointments and repulses, aggravated by the ridicule and scorn of the courtiers; had determined, in the anguish of his heart, to withdraw himself from the kingdom, as he had already done from the court of Spain. There was no prince—there was no man of sufficient substance, who appeared to be disposed to patronize that wonderful genius. But there was a woman who bound up his broken heart, and afforded effectual patronage to his mighty undertaking.

Isabella, Ferdinand's Queen, recalled Columbus to court, espoused his cause at the risk of her own fortune, and even pawned her jewels to defray the expence of his hazardous voyage. During the infernal intrigues and virulent measures of his enemies, Isabella remained his constant friend; nor was it till after her death, that Columbus was completely overwhelmed by the malice of his foes.—In losing her, he lost his great and only earthly supporter.

Wonderful woman! the pride of thy sex and of human nature!—Sprigs of Cassia

shall ever bloom on thy grave.—To thy memory shall be paid a never ending tribute of gratitude from the new world.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

To the Editor of 'The Hive.'

SIR,

IN your paper of the 28th of December, I have read what I consider as an ingenious attempt, "to prove the worse, the better cause," and as I suppose it was intended only as an exercise of the skill, rather than as an effort of the understanding, as such certainly it may be exempt from the severity of criticism, though it remains open to animadversion and controversy. I do not, however, approve of even the most ingenious efforts, when directed to sustain what is neither well founded nor wholesome in principle. As I am but a traveller through your borough, there may be many others like me who may seldom see your paper, and may not be apt to construe such an article as that of C. L. so liberally as I have done.

The principle which your correspondent assumes, and undertakes to reason and decide upon, is the question, *whether the representative is bound to obey the will of his constituents in preference to his own?*

C. L. undertakes to shew the absurdity and pernicious effect of a representative obeying any will but his own. I had always conceived the contrary opinion to be the true one; and that it would be not only a contradiction in terms, consequently an absurdity, but that any other principle would be aristocratical and incompatible with the republican form of government.

What is meant by the word representative? A man cannot represent himself, for that would be a solecism. A representative then must represent something or some body. He does not represent the other members of the same body. It is to be presumed then that he represents those who elect him.

To understand his duty then, he must consider the origin and nature of the government. Our government has its origin in the sovereignty of the people; or in an agreement of the people to form a government in which the best means are to be pursued for the general happiness. This is done by the selection of representatives, who know the wants and wishes of the people of their several districts, and when all these are gathered together, by discussion, the community of wills is made known. The people are too numerous and too widely dispersed to meet themselves, and this causes a choice of representatives, to represent to the whole what is most conducive to the good of each part.

For this end a majority of the wills of the people choose the representatives, and a ma-

jority of the representatives make the law. Because the good of the greatest part is the greatest good. Contra-distinguished from monarchies which make the good of one man the greatest good, or an aristocracy the good of a few the greatest good.

These are the principles of our government, and if the determinations of the will of majorities be a good principle, the will of representative obedience to those who entrust men with the promotion of their good, must follow.

What regards a man being a free agent and his own governor, does not apply in a state of society. It is in a savage state alone that this principle holds. In a free society every man is bound not to do another any sort of evil; and if he doth evil, he will find that he is not his own governor.

The writer is equally mistaken in his facts as in his reasonings. The people of Athens and Rome, when assembled, never originated laws. In Athens the senate or areopagites proposed, and the people of thirty years and above only spoke and voted in assembly, for either the abrogation or adoption of the law. So the senate or patricians originated laws in Rome; the people approved or disapproved. St. Marino is not a case in point at all, for that feeble republic had an aristocracy in it, who were the legislators.

The doctrines of Blackstone certainly apply to the government of England; but they are wholly hostile to her form of government. In England there are capital and populous cities which have not a vote for a member of the legislature; and there are rotten boroughs where one or two persons send a member to parliament. Scotland is allowed forty-five representatives, and Ireland one hundred; the representatives of Scotland & Ireland certainly represent those countries at large. But the idea of representation there is monstrous in all its parts—and being no wise responsible, and generally elected by purchase or bribery, they cannot be said to represent any thing but the bribe which procured the seat.

The writer C. L. is evidently a young man—he has much to read and much to learn; if he entertains seriously, what he has published as opinion, he has to unlearn before he can have any pretensions to understand republican government, as it exists in the United States, and I would refer him to *Tucker's* Edition of Blackstone, which may, if he is accessible to wisdom, correct his mistakes. A PASSENGER.

Lancaster, January 9, 1804.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE CALAMITIES OF SWITZERLAND.

THE close of the eighteenth century must ever be regarded as an eventful era in the annals of time. It presents us with a series of the most memorable events. In



contemplating these, the destruction of *Helvetic liberty* by the French Directory, excites the tenderest emotions of compassion and regret. What feeling breast will not heave at the sight of the distresses of the unfortunate Swiss? In viewing the errors and calamities that have befallen their country; every tender heart must join in the universal clamour against the violent proceedings of the French republic. The moment they assumed to destroy the rights and privileges of a government, whose purity for ages past, had been respected by every nation, that moment the resplendent lustre of the French republic was forever extinguished. Whilst we behold its present splendour, we cannot but admire; but when we reflect that all its glory is built upon the miseries of other nations, that admiration is quickly turned into disgust. Who can help lamenting the fate of the unhappy Swiss, against whom those French demagogues have exercised their most inveterate fury? Little was to be expected, that the peaceful tranquillity that had so long reigned among the inhabitants of the Helvetic territory, would have been interrupted by Frenchmen;—and that the harmony of their government would ever have been dissolved by that nation. No people had greater claims to their protection, or more reason to expect their favor, than the Swiss; but, alas! how egregiously they were mistaken, their present deplorable state stands a melancholy proof. Yes, Switzerland! thou, like Athens, hast experienced the weight of their tyrannical oppression—Unhappy country! thou hast fallen in thy vigour, a miserable victim to the ravaging hands of those insatiable monsters, who not content with depriving thee of thy greatest blessings, peace and liberty; first tormented thee by their cruel outrages. They interrupted that quiet harmony which reigned in thy rustic retreats, the abodes of innocence and content—destroyed those ancient and reclusive groves, formed by nature, like so many avenues in an English garden; together with their little farms, whose improvements, neatness and simplicity, could not fail to delight the eye of every beholder.

Mis-fated Switzerland! Once the dear seat of innocence and quiet, where is now thy boasted happiness?—No more shall thy injured inhabitants, secure in safe retirement, experience the blessings of an uncorrupted government. They knew no pleasures beyond their own peaceful dwellings. The snowy summits of their height-topped mountains, afforded them sufficient gratifications—from the contemplation of the beautiful appearance of the lofty Alps, on which at the same time they beheld the verdure of summer and the dreariness of winter, they derived their highest enjoyment. The simple peasants that inhabited the flourishing valleys enclosed between these gloomy mountains, longed not for the splendid luxury of

foreign nations: their chief happiness consisted in the cultivation of their little farms, and perfectly content with their situation, sighed not for a change.

What are our feelings when we contemplate the fate of Beme? Unhappy canton! against thee the Directory turned with all their fury and defamation. Thy miserable inhabitants, too credulous and unsuspecting of enemies, fell unfortunate victims to the designing intrigues of more cunning Frenchmen.

This canton, deserted by the forces of all the others, which the treacherous Directory had corrupted, with a feeble army, mutilated as it was, maintained for a long time its ground;—and it was not till they were left entirely unprotected, that the enemy gained the ascendancy.

Abused and insulted under the eyes of the government, the cantons Bern, Zurich, and others, experienced the greatest persecutions, without being able to resent their injuries; and were obliged to suffer with tacit submission, the oppressive yoke of a foreign nation—and, finally, Switzerland habited their licentious manners and corruptions. Filled with jacobins, whose revolutionary spirit overran the ancient rights and privileges of the people, no one dared to murmur; none attempted to dispute or punish their violent proceedings; all were excluded from any participation in the government, the cantons groaned under the importunities of an hostile neighbor, who undertook to be their arbiter. In this deplorable situation, the minds of the people were indeed enraged—the feelings of their generous hearts bursting with indignation, were indeed roused to the highest pitch of fervor;—but, alas! what could they do? Too feeble and timorous to extricate themselves from this bondage, they could only lament their unhappy fate, and submit.

Alas, unfortunate Helvetians! thy territory overrun by the plundering soldiers of an usurping conqueror; who declared themselves the avengers of thy wrongs, and protectors of thy peaceful cottages, when not one solitary hut escaped the fangs of their rapacious hands—thou hast experienced the domineering spirit which the motto written on the title-page of their laws, declares:

"Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

Yes, Switzerland! we may say of thee in the language of a writer drawing the picture of Athens after the invasion of Alaric:

"*Thou art the empty and bloody skin of an immolated victim! Thou hast nothing left, but, ROCKS, RUINS, and DEMAGOGUES!*"

Princeton-College, Jan. 1801. EDWIN.

APHORISM.—He who retains a wish to appear great and honorable in the world, must renounce, forever, the habits of indolence and luxury.

## M O R A L I S T.

### APOSTROPHE TO IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, thou bane of every estimable quality, thou pander to every vice; in what colours of infamy oughtest thou to be painted, and how dangerous is it to indulge thy caresses! Beneath thy enervating blandishments every corruption springs up, and every virtue is obscured. It is thou that sinkest the love of honorable performance in the bed of inglorious ease. It is thou that holdest out the oblivious draught of what duty calls to perform; and when once thy cup is tasted to intoxication, farewell every hope of fame; farewell every wish for distinction. Bound in thy fetters, talents whether natural or acquired, are useless: and even the brightest virtues become tainted by folly, or contaminated by perverse passions. I have seen proud lords of nature stoop to thy bewitchings, till they incumbered the very earth on which they dwelt, and only lived to disgrace themselves, and to be a burden to the community.

—

EVERY season of the year, like the life of man, is intermixed, more or less, with beauties and deformities, with storms and sunshines, with scenes both delightful and disagreeable. Spring, like youth, is the season of animation, sprightliness and music. Winter, like old age, has more of fears than of hopes; more of pains than of pleasures—its days and nights are tedious and joyless—its prospects are depressing and gloomy. In summer, as in ripening manhood, all is fervid, vigorous and productive. Autumn, like the mature age of man, is tranquil and sedate. It presents us first with loaded branches of ripened fruit; and then with fading beauties, falling leaves, nipping frosts, plaintive sounds, dying insects, growling tempests, unmelodious groves, naked hills, and pillaged fields.—In the fading verdure of the woods; in the decaying, falling leaves of every tree, both the young and the old may view themselves as in a mirror, and learn their frailty, and rapid progress to dissolution. But, however, our bodies fade, let our virtues flourish. Then as verdant and fruitful trees, we shall beautify and benefit the world, and at death be transported to the Paradise above, where our leaf shall not wither, nor our root decay.

### POLEMIC SOCIETY.

London, January 14, 1804.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, when the following Question was discussed:—

"Is the love of Virtue innate?"

After debate, it was determined in the affirmative.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

"Is the Negro Trade advantageous to the United States?"

## POETRY.

MR. EDITOR,

BY the old Laws of New-York, no Debtor could be released from confinement until he had paid the utmost farthing, unless by the mercy of his Creditor. Many, whom misfortune had driven to indigence, were obliged to wear out a series of years within the gloomy walls of a Prison. The following effusions were pen'd by one of those unhappy mortals:—Should you think them worthy a place in *'The Hive,'* you will oblige a friend by inserting them.

W.

[North. Hive.]

## THE DEBTOR.

"*An! little know'st thou who ne'er has tri'd,  
What pain it is in prison long to 'bide;  
To lose whole days, that might be better spent,  
To pine whole nights in anxious discontent;  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,  
To flush with hope, to pine with care and sorrow.*"

COWLEY.

TWO long, long years are gone and past,  
Since from the pitch of affluence cast;  
With friends, fame, fortune out of date,  
EUGENIO mourns his hapless fate.

Like the poor Starling in his cage,  
He fluttering spends his idle rage;  
And all his cry, and all his rout,  
Is, well-a-day! I can't get out.

Friend to the Muse, alas! no more,  
His fancy roves in classic lore;  
His senses flag, his eyes grow blind,  
And a chill torpor cramps his mind:

Like the poor Starling in his cage,  
He fluttering spends his idle rage;  
And all his cry, &c.

What, though when war and tumult rag'd,  
His country all his soul engag'd;  
No trace is left, no record sav'd,  
Of what, to save a state, he brav'd:

Like the poor Starling in his cage,  
He's doom'd to pine, to fret, to rage;  
And all his cry, &c.

Did want, or merit, claim a friend,  
He knew to serve, to give or lend;  
But out of cash, and out of place,  
His former friends forgot his face!

Like the poor Starling in his cage,  
Lonesome he sits, and vents his rage;  
And all his cry, &c.

No more the sun's all-cheering ray,  
Ope's to his view the blush of day;  
The day is dreary as the night,  
And a sad darkness clouds the sight:

Like the poor Starling in his cage,  
In doleful plaints he spends his rage;  
And all his cry, &c.

At eve with knawing care oppress'd,  
His weary eye-lids ache for rest;  
Then clanking chains above him roll,  
And sobs, and wailings pierce his soul.

Like the poor Starling in his cage,  
He counts each tedious hour an age;  
And all his cry, &c.

When in his arms his infant train,  
Their little woes and wants explain;  
The trickling tear, and sigh suppress'd,  
Betray the anguish of his breast:

Till like the Starling in his cage,  
His throbbing bosom bursts with rage;  
And all his cry, &c.

Sometimes in dreams he wings his flight,  
And roves in regions of delight;  
When (sad reverse!) the watchman's noise,  
Dispels his visionary joys:

Then like the Starling in his cage,  
He starts and flutters round in rage;  
And all his cry, &c.

And is there then no hope in laws?  
No generous friend to urge his cause;  
Ah! no:—his friends have not the time,  
And DEBT you know's the greatest crime.

Thus like the Starling in his cage,  
He moulders on to life's last stage;  
And all his cry, and all his rout,  
Is, well-a-day! I can't get out.

## FOR THE HIVE.

## REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

ONCE more I rove along my lonely walk,  
Where every grief may vent its various pain;  
I love to step where none but mine has trod—  
The path of solitude shall be my choice,  
Until this gnawing, haunting vision dies;  
Then will I stray and visit yonder tree,  
Where oft in silent solitude I've sat,  
To mourn for her who will not mourn for me.

Yon tree where zephyrs fan each cooling shade,  
Where ethereal sunbeams never spread,  
Nor the plundering stranger pluck one bow:—  
There have I sat with love lost gnawing thoughts,  
Corrosive acting on my love-sick heart;  
With tortur'd hopes, elusive as the wind,  
My mind is roving, grasping for relief:  
But—Oh! ALPHONSO—no relief is found.

Baltimore.

ORLANDO.

## HUMORIST.

SOME years, ago as Mr. Anstee was turning home with some jovial companions through Bath, about three o'clock in the morning, they accidentally met with the watch, who was regularly crying the hour. In the mirth of heart they were in, this was construed by some of the bucks to be a sort of satire for keeping bad hours. Mr. Anstee, therefore, insisted that the fellow should cry past eleven o'clock instead of three, and on pain of corporeal punishment. After some remonstrance the poor man was obliged to comply; but before he had finished his oration, suddenly recollecting himself he said, shrewdly, I know the hour I am to call; but pray gentlemen, what sort of weather would you choose to have?—Sunshine you scoundrel, to be sure—sunshine. Upon which, notwithstanding its raining at that time violently, the accommodating watchman gravely cries out in the proper key—*"Past eleven o'clock, and by particular desire a sunshining night."*

HENRY the IV. being much enamoured of Madam d'Entrages, asked her one day which was the way to her chamber? *"Through the Church, sir,"* answered she.

THE celebrated Fontana, who is the superintendant of the Cabinet of Natural History at Florence, has published a memoir on the Sensibility of Vegetables. There is no end to the progress of discovery and of tenderness. Some kitchen-garden philosopher will soon discover that every wabble of the pot wounds the feelings of a cabbage, or destroys the sympathies of a turnip.

THE death of a miser was lately announced in an American paper thus:—Died on Friday last, Josiah Braintree, of Bennington, aged 98 years. He retained his money to the last.

## TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN EAST KING-STREET.